
Title: Ch. 2: Fire and Water

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I found myself to be an
Admiral now, lacking a
fleet. Having spent some
time away from the sea,
I decided it would be best
to hire on as an escort
on another's ship until I
had my "sea legs" back.

Lanavar had said he
would provide ships, but
it was up to me to
provide the crews.

I was also painfully
aware that my own
skills were not what
they should be, so I set
out to first improve
myself a bit, for I ask
no one to do anything I
am unwilling to do
myself.

In the port of
Nujel'm I signed on as an
escort for a young
fisherwoman. She was
working the seas, she
said, in search of
wondrous creatures to fill
her aquarium at home. I
myself have an aquarium;
since my own humble
home is not as near the
sea as I would like, I
bring a Part of the sea
with me. Fishing at sea
is a dangerous endeavor,
for oft one would find
your nets filled not with
fish, but with the more
fearsome denizens of the
deep.

As two kraken and a
sea serpent surfaced, I
summoned a Fire
elemental from the ether,
and ordered it into the
fray. With help from
Mistress Monica's arrows,

the first kraken quickly
fell. I ordered the
Elemental to attack the
second beast, and within
seconds a searing pain
enveloped me, and I found
myself staring down at
my own body. The quick
ministrations of Monica
kept me from leaving this
world behind forever, and
as I lay there recovering,
the elemental dissolved
back into the ether from
whence it came.

"Your Pardon, M'Lord,"
Monica asked coyly, "but
is it not you who are
here to protect me, and
not the other way
around?" Most odd about
my downfall was that it
did not come from the
Kraken, but rather from
my own summoned beast!
Confused about this, I
sought the advice of a
sage soul I knew: a
Mystic named Talis
Eraphen.

I am a man of the
world, friends, but that
is this world, and not the
ones that lie beyond.
Some of you may know
more of those Mythical
beings known as Mystics,
and perhaps even the
Time Lord, whom Talis
claims as his sire. I
know little of such
arcane myth, and know
not whether his claims are
true or the product of a
madman's delusions. I will
say this: I have seen him
eliminate 5 highly skilled
warriors single handed,
and he is one of the
wisest and most loyal
souls I know. There are
few men I trust more in
this world.

"An intriguing dilemma,
young seafarer," he said
after I related my tale.
"I must consult with
others, and consider."

With that he turned his
attention away from me,
muttering to himself of
Fire and Water, Ether
and the sea.

I departed then,
and wandered a bit,
Testing my magical
abilities. A handful of
times, The fire elemental
I would summon did indeed
turn on me, and I was
able to learn nothing by
myself. I returned to
Talis to see if he had
reached a conclusion.
After some time lost in
contemplation, Talis agreed
to accompany me on a
second expedition to the
sea, even providing nets
for Monica. So, Monica,
Talis, myself and another
trusted sailor whom I
know, Santa Saints, set
out again upon the sea.
We fought a few Beasts
from the deep, and
sucessfully caught many
fish for our aquarii, and
those elementals I
summoned behaved
themselves.

Talis then yielded
to me the results of
his study of my
dilemma.

"You lack focus,
seafarer," Talis told me.
"These beasts, though
sentient, are limited in
intelligence. It is your will
that guides their hands.
You must strive to
harden your will..." he
smiled an odd little
inward smile, "...to a will
of Iron." And with that
he departed. I once again
renewed my resolve to
strengthen my studies,
and keep some humility as
to my limits...